Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide
Turnes not, but ſwels the higher by this let.
Small lightes are ſoone blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the winde in greater furie fret:
The petty ſtreames that paie a dailie det
To their ſalt ſoueraigne with their freſh fals haſt,
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his taſt.

Thou art, quoth ſhee, a ſea, a ſoueraigne King,
And loe there fals into thy boundleſſe flood,
Blacke luſt, diſhonor, ſhame, miſ-gouerning,
VVho ſeeke to ſtaine the Ocean of thy blood.
If all theſe pettie ils ſhall change thy good,
Thy ſea within a puddels wombe is herſed,
And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed.

So ſhall theſe ſlaues be King, and thou their ſlaue,
Thou noblie baſe, they baſelie dignified:
Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler graue:
Thou lothed in their ſhame, they in thy pride,
The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide.
The Cedar ſtoopes not to the baſe ſhrubs foote,
But low-ſhrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So

So let thy thoughts low vaſſals to thy ſta
No more quoth he, by Heauen I will no
Yeeld to my loue, if not inforced hate,
In ſteed of loues coy tutch ſhall rudelie
That done, deſpitefullie I meane to bea
Vnto the baſe bed of ſome raſcall gr
To be thy partner in this ſhamefull d

This ſaid, he ſets his foote vppon the lig
For light and luſt are deadlie enemies,
Shame folded vp in blind concealing ni
VVhen moſt vnſeene, then moſt doth ty
The wolfe hath ceazd his pray, the poo
Till with her own white fleece her voi
Intombes her outcrie in her lips ſweet

For with the nightlie linnen that ſhee we
He pens her piteous clamors in her hea
Cooling his hot face in the chaſteſt tear
That euer modeſt eyes with ſorrow ſhed
O that prone luſt ſhould ſtaine ſo pure a
The ſpots whereof could weeping pu
Her tears ſhould drop on them perpe